Vol. V. Numb. 56.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of Perſonal Reflections. Of Peace with France. *Of Depoſing the* French *King. Of Chuſing* Pariſh Clerks. *More Work for the* Rehearſal. *Remarks on the* Poſt-Boy.

From **Wednesday** September the 25th, to **Saturday** September the 28th, 1706.

Country-m. After *Obſervator*, I think you and your *Country-man* take up all the Diſcouſe at the *Coffee-Houſes*, where-ever I come in *London*.

Obſ. Prithee what do they ſay of us? Is it worth hearing?

Country-m. I don't know that; but I'll tell you what they ſay. They exclaim againſt us for Reflecting on Particular Perſons; and ſay, *'Tis neither Decent or Mannerly ſo to do.*

Obſ. It is very Invidious, and creates us abundance of Enemies; but whoever aſſerts the *Cauſe* of *Truth*, or the *Cauſe* of his *Country*, muſt meet with Enemies; the more the better, that ſhows our *Cauſe* the more Glorious: 'Tis our Misfortune, *Roger*, to have only the Men of *Sence* and *Honeſty* of our Side.

Country-m. But that is the leſſer Number.

Obſ. Be it ſo; a *Lark*, tho' a leſſer Bird, is better than a *Kite*. Is not one Pot of *October* better than a Gallon of *Small-Beer? Sence*, *Truth* and *Reaſon* will carry it againſt Numbers. But, *Roger*, we have Reflected on *None* but the *Queens* and the *Nations* Enemies; on *None* but thoſe who are the Subjects of the Reflections of all the *Honeſt Men* in the *Kingdom*; on *None* but ſuch as *Oppoſe* the *Government*; on *None* but ſuch as would *Betray* our *Liberties*, and *Introduce* a *French Government* among us; and all this is our Duty according to the *Allegiance* we owe our *Queen*, and the *Laws* of our *Country*.

Sometimes we Talk in General Terms, at other Times in Particulars, diſcovering the *Errors of Opinion*, and relating *Matter of Fact*; if we are Convicted of *Falſehood* in either, we'll knock under-Board, and beg Pardon, but till then we'll perſiſt with an Aſſurance proper to *Engliſhmen*; and as we have already done, ſo we will continue to Juſtifie the *Queens Right* to the *Crown*, and the *Engliſh Liberties* againſt all *Oppoſers*.

Country-m. With all my Heart, Maſter; we'll maul every Body that ſtands in the way of either; we'll give 'em a *Hogſtedt*, a *Ramelly*, a *Turin* Bout with our Pens; we'll Force their Entrenchments, Raiſe their Sieges againſt our *Engliſh Laws*; we'll Fight 'em in the Field, Beat their Armies, Rub 'em down, and make 'em Fly like a parcel of *Mice* before a Company of *Weaſels*. Done and Done, Maſter, we will enter into a League *Offenſive* and *Defenſive*.

And now, Maſter, tho' I am a Peaceable Man, and ſeldom uſe any other Weapon than my *Oaken-Towel*, now I Exalt my *Flayl*, and will Thraſh every Body that is for making *PEACE* with *France*.

You told me once, That as ſoon as we were like to bring down the *French* King, the *Jacobites* and *High-Flyers* would cry out for *Peace*; the time is now come, Prince *Eugene* has thrown him on the Back; he cries out for *Help*, and ſo do his Friends in *England* for *Peace*, which is the ſame thing.

I remember, when I was a Little good Boy, I was given to Fighting *up* and *down*, and ſometimes, when I had got my Combatant under me, I let him Riſe out of meer Compaſſion, then he comes at me again, gets me down and Mauls me without any Mercy.

The Application is this, now we have got the *French* King down let Us keep him down; let Us Maul him till he is Dead, that is, bring Him and His Power to the Ground; that is, in plain Engliſh, *Depoſe* him: Don't we ſay *That the Law of Retaliation is Good?* Now he would ha' *Depoſed* our Queen if he cou'd; and now we can *Depoſe* him let us do it.

Don't let 'em tell us *That the* French POWER *cannot be Reduc'd ſo low but* Engliſh FOLLY *may raiſe it.* 'Twas *Engliſh Knavery* in our Miniſters, that rais'd the *French Power*; and 'twas *Engliſh Folly* in our People that did not call 'em to an Account for it. But the *Caſe* is now alter'd; our *Miniſters* have had *Honeſty* and *Skill* enough to bring the *French Power* low; and they'll never be ſuch *Fools* as to raiſe it again. Our *Miniſters* have good *Stakes* in the Hedge of *Engliſh Property*; they are not Choſen, as formerly, Men of *Deſperate Fortunes* to ſerve a *Turn*, but for their *Abilities*, and they won't raiſe the *Power* of *France* to the Loſs of their *Paternal Eſtates*.

When I ſee Men of good Eſtates in the *Miniſtry*, I never queſtion the Health of the *Body-Politick*; for they are Arrant Fools if they betray Themſelves and their Poſterity, as they muſt do if they raiſe the *Power* of *France*. If they do ſo, they are in a worſe Condition than the *Obſervator* and his *Country man*: If I run away, who ſhall Pay my Landlord his Rent? And if you run away, 'tis a thing that you have been us'd to: You have Liv'd one half of your time in *Middletons-Pipes*; and when ever you go, you can't Hoan after a great Eſtate you have left behind you, and this our *Miniſters* muſt do. I never fear our Ruin, when the Men of the beſt Eſtates are in the Service of the *Government*.

Maſter, after all is ſaid or done, I muſt have this *French* King *Depos'd*, as a *common Nuſance*; I can't abide 'n. Mr. *Review* tells me he will have his Teeth Beat out that he mayn't Bite any more: I am for that too, and I would have Honeſt *David Middleton*, the Operator for *Teeth*, beat 'em Out, and then I'll warrant him he will Mump all his Life-time; and when *David* has done his Part, then comes I, and when I have Diſciplin'd him with my *Towel*, *Europe* ſhall never hear a Word of him afterwards.

Maſter, let who will forgive him, I never will, Prince *Eugene* never will, the Duke of *Savoy* never will, and that's enough: But did you ever hear

of

of such an *Atheistical* Old *Curmudgeon*? When the News was brought him of the fatal Blow in *Italy*, and the Arch-Bishop of *Paris* went to Consolate him, he said, He had a great Scruple upon him, which was this, *That when he fought for his own Glory and Honour, he was always Victorious; but now he fought for the Cause of* God *and* Injur'd Princes, *his Arms are not Prosperous.*

He should ha' said, *Now he fights for the Cause of the* Devil *and* Usurpers. The Cause of *God!* What *Murders, Rapines, Massacrees!* Are these the Cause of *God?* What *Usurpers, False Pretenders*, are these *Injur'd Princes?* Poor *Lewis* XIV. he's perfectly Bewitch'd. He ought before to ha' been *Depos'd* for a *Tyrant*, but now for a *Madman.* I will have'n *Depos'd*, that's the Word. If he cou'd ha' got so many *Victories* of us he would ha' kept his *Christmas* at St. *James*'s, and ha' *Depos'd* our *Queen. Tyrants* must be *Depos'd*, that's the Word.

Obs. Then let it be so with all my Heart. But what Story was that you were speaking of concerning *Auricula Tacker*, the *Wind-Mill Parson?*

Country-m. Why, Master, some Honest People in the City of *White-Chappel* want your Device upon that Point. It seems they wanted a *Clark*, I mean one for saying *Amen* in the *Church.* Now the People did meet and chose a *Clark* against one that the *Parson* got out of *Newgate* and set up against the *Parish*; and when the *Parish* had chosen, he, or some Body for him, went to Dr. *Schombergh* and entered a *Caveat* that the *Clark*, chosen by the *Parish*, might not be Sworn.

Obs. In these Cases they proceed according to the Custom of the *Parish.* In some *Parishes* the *Parson* chuses the *Clark.* One *Parson* said *He was the* Shepherd, *and the* Clark *was his* Dog; now you know every *Shepherd* chuses his own *Dog*; but it cannot be so in this *Parish*, where the Custom has been, for near an Hundred Years, to have a *Clark* chosen by the *Parish*, if the People will be gull'd no Body can help it. The Inhabitants of *Goodmans-Fields* need not pay one Farthing to the *Priest*, for the Ancient *Modus* is quite otherwise, the *Proprietor* pays, I think, 40*s. per Annum*, and that's all is due; but if the *Parson*, as once before, should take away the *Parish-Books*, the *Parish* have a good Action against him. And now he has made more Work for his Brother *Lesley* to prove the *Divine-Right* of chusing a *Parish-Clark*, as he has done the *Divine-Right* of *Tythes.*

Country-m. Master, the *Rehearsal* offers me fifty Pound to prove the *Parson* Besoul'd his *Coach*, I never said Besoul'd it, I said something of Besmitting a *Coach*; but I won't take any *Nonjuring-Parsons*, nor any *Tacking-Priests* Word in the Kingdom for fifty crooked Pins. He says too, *'Tis a Lye about the Captain that was kill'd with Drinking:* I did'nt say 'twas that *Priest* did it, I only made a Query, and I am told there is an Honest *Wood-monger*, that Lives not a Mile from the *Harts-Horn Brew-House* at St. *Katherines*, that knows more of that Business than you or I either.

Obs. Prithee, *Roger*, ha' done with this *Rehearsal*, he's *Mad* too; these *Hogstedt*, *Ramelly*, and *Turin* Bouts do set 'em all besides themselves.

Country-m. I am sure all the *Knaves* and *Fools* in the Kingdom are against the *Observator* and his *Country-man.* I was at the *Jacks Coffee-House* Yesterday, and up one takes their *News-Oracle*, the *Post-Boy*; quo' he, *Country-man, your Master is set forth in his Colours, the Proprieter of the* Post-Boy *has Vindicated his Author.*

Let me see that, quo' I, *the Author of the* Post-Boy *is an absolute Stranger to* Billingsgate *and* Ribaldry; aye, quo' I, and so he is to *Liberty* and *Property*, or else he woud'nt let his *Bookseller* put in Paragraphs: But those who are Born *Slaves* don't know what *Freedom* is.

Now I don't wonder that one who has always dealt in *Libels* should call my Master a *Libeller.* Bless me! how the Fellow raves; he foams at the Mouth, Rope take him *Abel.* If some Body don't Hang him he'll Hang himself, and then my Master will be brought in as *Accessary*, and all the *Jacks* about Town will say he has Murder'd a true Drudge to their *Cause.*

Well, but Good People, quoth I, he says, *That Paper my Master quoted was a Sham One.* Now how likely does that look? When People *Pirate* or *Sham Papers*, they do it for their Interest, but who could expect to get a Penny by Counterfeiting a Paper so abominably *Scandalous?* —— Well, Master, he says, *He will take no farther Notice of you.*

Obs. But I shall take farther Notice of him; and let him take his Old *Libellers* into his Service, and invent more *Forgeries.* He is so well known he hardly needs a Character.

Country-m. Come, Master, with one Bumper to the Sailing of our *Fleet*, let us go to Bed.

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